

Cabin

Water lilies
View of Mt. Washt Sunset over -

Loon Ochotona

Phoebe

Catbird - Gt. Bush
nest mass -

Pileolated - Two Steamers & pg. mouse

Water thrush landg - Mu. H of my tent

Tent

Blk + white crane
Rose brst cone

chipmunks Porc Wd Pussy
Owls at night

Bathing

Bald eagle

Beach

diving
ball
etc

Kingfisher
Sandpiper
Camp fires

Outlet

Bittern
Swallow root
Corkoo

water lilies on glass -

twirling of swallows
on water lilies

Take

Whippoorwill
Adapt - Harwood moon
Sept 1st

sandp id - blue
heron - loons -

Cranberry

bog

Mrens Pogonia ophioglossoides

Prosera

pitcher plant - cotton grass

Decid wds

Hks

Blue Jay
Scrub Lanager

Herring

Monkeys uniflora
Salibarda along trails

Pine

Swamps

Mite Hrt

Warblers

alder Humlock

quilt
and

Pastures

litter box
moss

Spider web festoons

Blue White hazel

Red brst Waxwings

Winter wren

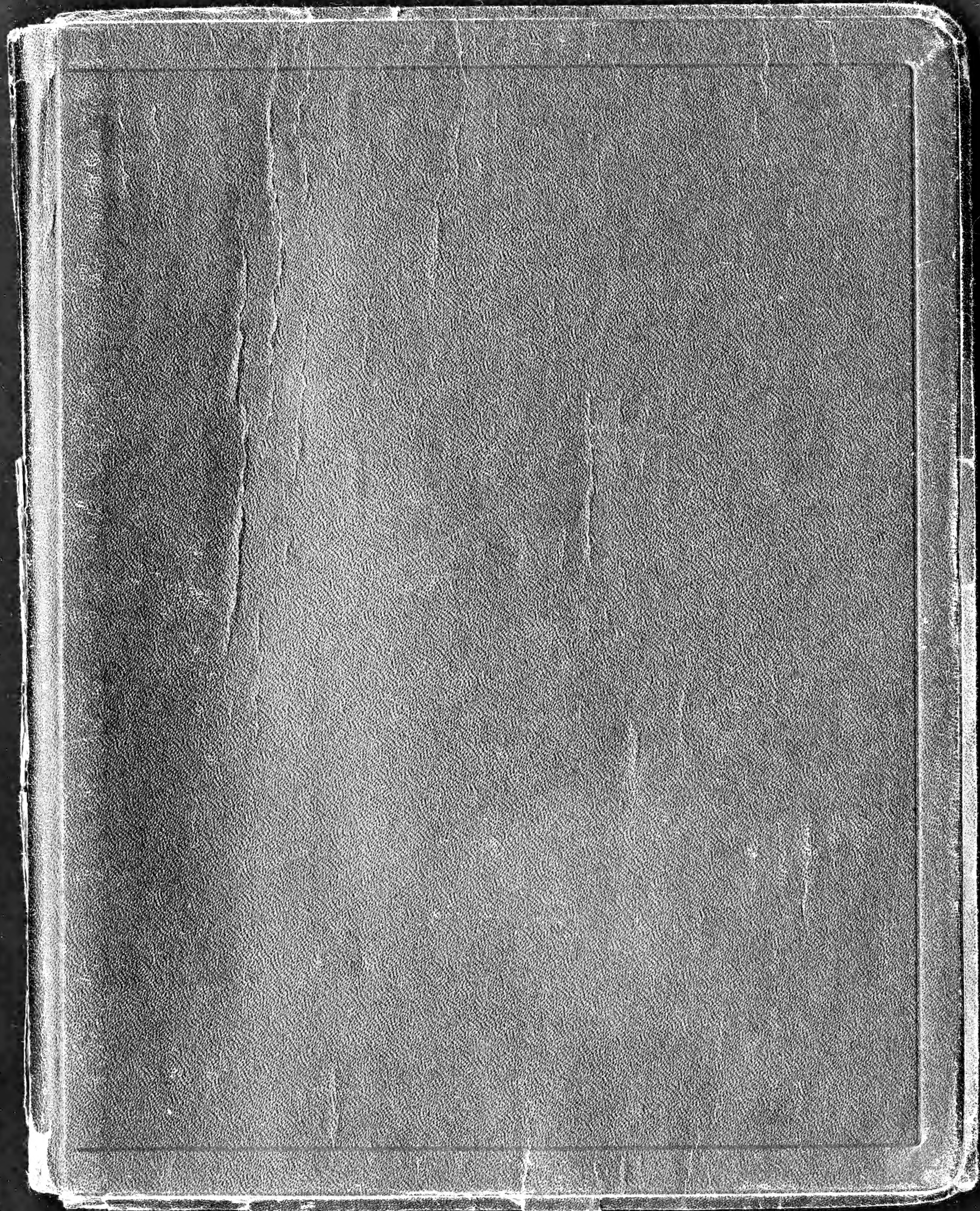
Lake onto Sept. northern lights

Fall woods

huts stream in
pine tracts
Hickory woods

Fall marshes

Mt-drivers



Flora Merriam Bailey

Maine

1911

Washington to Homewood

Left Washington June 23, 1911. Penn. R.R. Spent the night in New York at the Hotel, & took breakfast with Clint & Milla, & after which we took the train for Lyons Falls. How can people choose to make the trip by elope? The Rhine, the Columbia, & the Hudson are said to be the most beautiful of rivers & the ride up along the ^{bank} Hudson with the Palisades & the Catskills makes a rare day for a traveller. Then the beautiful Mohawk Valley & finally the Black River Valley - a day of satisfactions.

I stayed at the Falls about ten days - went to Lyonsdale July 4 - & July 5 went up to Homewood Camp. The country was in the flush of its summer prime. Great clean fields of timothy & fields dotted with buttercups & daisies along the roads & sweet smelling fields of new mown hay. The freshness & sweetness of the big open country was delicious after the shut in city with its 'rank vapors.' Sparrows sang on the roadside fences their small jumbled but merry song, while Rufus occasionally added richness to the chorus.

The blue hills were pink at sunrise with white mist rising on the rivers & lakes. The sunset colors - the moonlight with fields of haycocks - the bush woods

Homewood

with the sunshine filtering through — it is all a
 soothing beautiful memory. And beside one tent the
 fragrance of syringas laden with white bloom —
 and pervading it all the songs of the merry
 thrushes that had taken possession of the old deserted
 home. What a tender touch of nature!

July 10 we left Lyons Falls for Montreal. Went to
 Clayton & spent the night at the Hubbard House &
 the next day took the boat — Richelieu & Ontario
 Navigation Co. to Prescott. Beautiful wooded islands,
 with picturesque castellated architecture & suitable
 wood colour that fade into the landscape. We were
 to have taken the Rapids Queen to Montreal but
 she got disabled & we were transferred to the Grand
 Trunk R.R. instead.

At Montreal we went to the Hotel Corona, a small
 moderate priced & very comfortable hotel, & spent the
 next day sight seeing. Chateau de Renezy, the
 picturesque old home of French & Eng. Governors, whose
 thick walls hark back to historic days, is now a
 museum of curios & historic relics. Notre Dame,
 St. James Cathedral, reproductions of Notre Dame of
 Paris & St Peter in Rome, the old Montreal park, the

Canadian Pacific station, the park - Mt. Royal - on an old volcano - we all visited. On top of the park hill we saw a toboggan slide. Miss Haiglet, who went about with us, told us of winter sports - 1 mile in January - the ice palace which cost \$10,000 & is so dangerous to construct on account of cold & slipping that they will probably never have another - of storming of the Palace by ^{white} blanket snow shoe clubs - fire work assaults, etc. large French population.

July 13. I left Montreal by Canadian Pacific & ^{after crossing the U.S.} spent the day passing through - winding in & out among the Green Mts. - beautiful wooded blue mts with good outlines - & then the White Mts. past Fabyans, etc. down to Fryeburg. (had an observation car from Fabyans through the best part of the mts.) A.B. It is most impressive to go west through the mts. as the grandest part comes last.

Spent the night at Fryeburg at the Arguebot (named by the woman who keeps it - to admonish her husband who argued over the name).

July 14. Left Fryeburg at 1 a.m. by train & had a cool refreshing drive out to Camp Iwawanna, past New England farm houses, through pine woods & fields.

A $\frac{1}{2}$ mile through the woods from the farm house brought us to the Madonia cottage with its 3 tents & its piazza leading out on the lake & up on Kearsarge. & then to the main Cabin & its group of sixteen tents scattered among the trees.

The piazza is the dining room & one one of the tables, ^{paddles,} canoe backs hang - & sometimes fall on the heads of the diners! Paddles canoe backs & cushions are kept at the Cabin, & the canoes turned upside down on the wharf, while the two row boats are tied in the water.

The dining-room is protected from storm & wind & the sunset glare by letting down canvas curtains, & during supper it is hard to wait for the full view of the sunset - we have to look through the chinks. The bill ^{for meals} is a horn blown by the colored boy & the table bell a cow bell against the piazza wall.

Old pastures, ^{matted} with ^{green} moss that crunches under your feet & spirea bushes scattered over it. Others are sweet fern - the commonest - fields. In this land of forests they give big open spaces with blue sky & clouds & glorious views of the mts.

Corn fields & lovely ^{pink} clover fields also appeal to the northerner. As you walk along the country roads between fields the smoke rising from the chimneys tells of pleasant preparations of the housewife for supper while the men are gone & voices show an old man & woman joking by accident in friendly voices by a neighbor in her house.

New York fern - *Aspidium worbancense* - tapering
both ways - a delicate light green fern growing in
masses.

Aspidium spinulosum - ^{dark green} growing in clusters -

Royal fern - *Osmunda regalis* - some fronds slender & separate

Cinnamon " " *Cinnamomum*

Interrupted " " *Claytoniana*

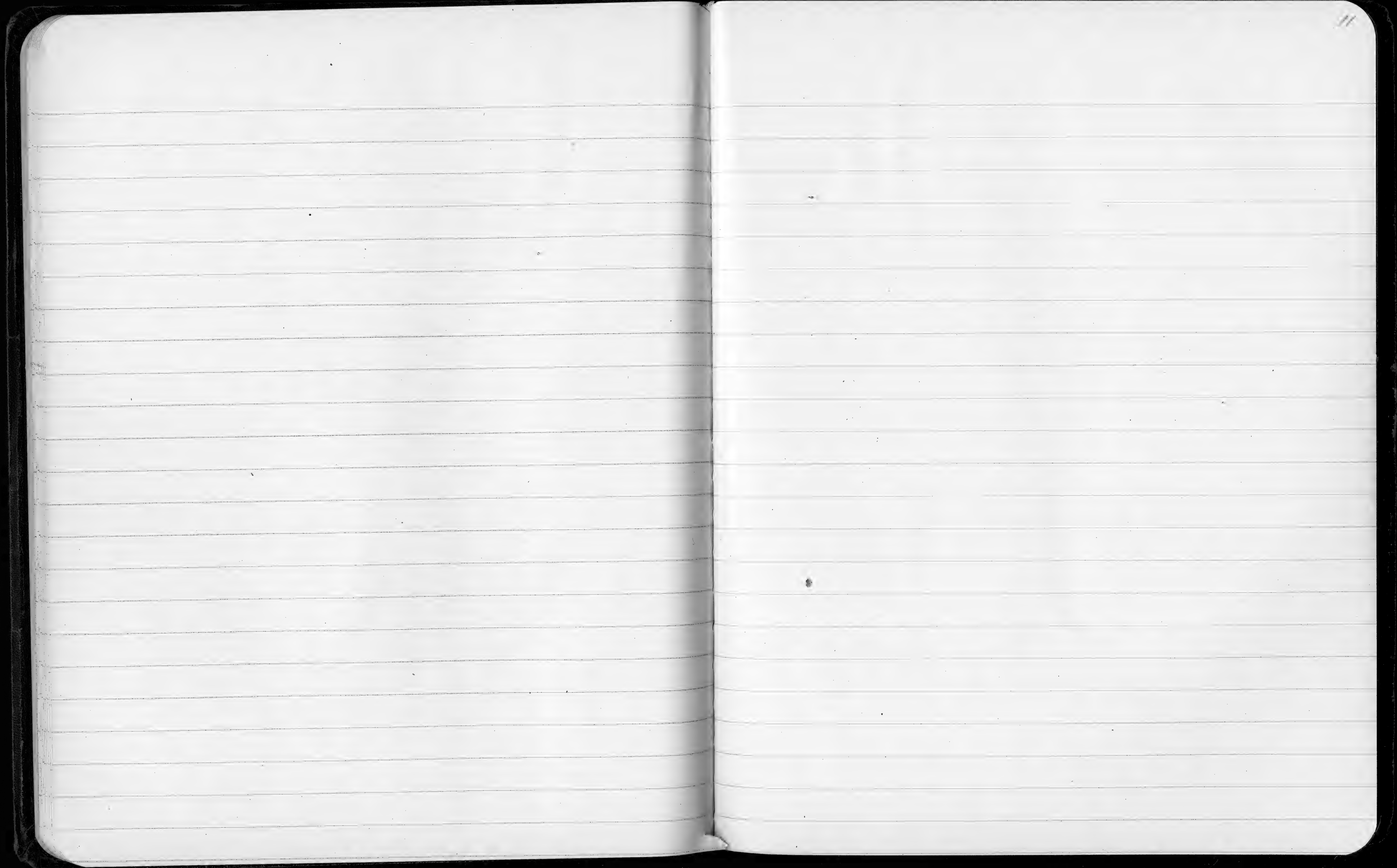
Stick fern - *Onclea struthiopteris*

Sensitive " " *susibilis*

Hairy Dicksonia *Dicksonia pilosiuscula* - pale
green growing in masses in dry places.

Pteris aquilina - common brake

Aspidium felix-femina - rather thick & compact growth.
Brown with open cases underneath
fronds.



July 31 Mr. Norton & I paddled across the foot of the Lower Basin to the Pickard mud flat & through its narrow channel between the arrow shaped leaves & blue flower spikes down the Outlet to the second rocks or Rapids. The water was like a Claude Lorraine - we were paddling into pictures all the time - colored photographs for while the blue-like ^{maples} ~~maples~~ were reflected - their dark trunks & green foliage - the white clouds had blue sky spaces. The patches of vivid green ^{? sedge} marsh grass were duplicated & a note of warble given by the rich ^{from the} ~~carling~~ flower, & the branch of reddened maple leaves reflected in the water. Arching bright green grass stems made ^{green} circles, loops in the double.† One picture at a turn seen under the arch of a long ^{maple} ~~swinging~~ branch was of blue hills, white clouds blue sky ^{framed by} ~~in~~ the verdure of the ^{river} banks. The densely verdant banks ^{the slender trunks of the} ~~banks~~ ^{river} ~~maple~~ had bushy young white ^{mainly arching} ~~juniper~~ ^{alder}, silver birches, & a few dense dark green ^(stock) hemlocks. One dark patch of bank was lightened by the red berries of a mountain holly. Tree like masses of ostrich fern ^{fronds} on top of the bank were offset by luxuriant wide spreading ^{maple} ~~ostrya~~ ^{regalis} drooping down a slope - overhanging. Under the dark banks, on the cool black water lay here & there

† A white birch a larger loop.


a pure white water lily - a marvelous flower on the bosom of the dark water - exhaling as we passed a breath of most delicate fragrance. In these places big yellow lily heads rose from broad ^{green} pads.

There were not many birds in evidence but a 'tchack' in the gumery on our shore led to the discovery of an inquisitive female yellow throat clambering up a branch. The monotonous thin song of the Red-eye was ameliorated by the richer notes of the yellow-throated vireo or a still richer song of more quality which we suspected came from the solitary. The snub ^{chirping} notes of chickadees, the tink-ah of the nuthatch, the cool woodland note of the pewee in harmony with the cool dark depths of the pools, the white water lilies. A harsh squawk from a Bittern rising on broad brown wings with hanging legs made us regret our dullness; but when, beyond, we caught sight of him standing at attention, our self-approach was transferred to the boat that we had let pass us (Would it you like to go ahead? We are just padding along, watching birds. Do you find any? - in tones of incredulous surprise) for when they absorbed in talk they had startled the Bittern, as if flew off one of them said in surprise - "Oh! there is a bird!"

Kingbirds notes contrasting with peewees suggested comparisons of disposition. The loud raucous notes of the purple Martin seemed out of place. A cuckoo long slender crossed the river into the greenery, a Heron called, or a Hermit sang faintly. A male hummingbird buzzed before a cardinal but he did not have the right light for the answering gleam of the throat.

Down a steep bank I caught sight of a form - dark above light below - slipping into the water - was it a muskrat? Heaps of mussel shells in places along the banks suggested their work. A small head seen for an instant above the water suggested a water snake. Turtles were seen on the logs along shore. One sat ^{head up} with its shell open as the yellow showed on a gray log. Another with a black glistening back. Others were down in the water swimming, their yellow lines of their plates making patterns in the sunlit water.

And with all the interest & beauty of the life, the shores, or the reflection, the best of all was the Outlet gardens, that made you wish for glass bottoms boats. For when you could see into them - ^{below} for the main Claude Lorraine - when for occasional rocks or fallen logs you could look into them undisturbed.

They are ^{full of the} wonders of river gardens. There are ^{rising from the} ~~bottom~~ long filaments that with the sun in the water look like threads of green & gold. Then there are long sweeping dense masses lying in the shallows close along ^{under the} surface like matted thick Mermaids hair - ^(? Vallisneria) that you have to shove the boat through - could almost butter a pole. The girls call it rhubarb sauce & it must be confessed that for color & general appearance it is description! From the bottoms of the deep pool long growths rise to the surface suggesting sea weeds & sea gardens, some of them slanting up toward the surface to bloom at the top. The purple bladderwort has a small but beautifully developed flower with brightly colored throat to attract the insect whose visit is needed to perfect the cycle of its life. Companies of these pretty delicate flowers at a bend of the river Mrs. H. calls battalions. Yellow bladderwort has beautiful  floating devices. White blossoms of Sagittaria stand on the bank. Some leaves broadly sagittate, some slender, narrow pointed ^{slender}. And the water plant lies on the surface - small oval leaves - with a spike raised like a head above ^{the} water.

Great masses of green algae float like mysterious
jelly fish.

We had 3 passengers - a large dragon fly that
rode for a short time inside the boat, & two brown
butterflies. One of them flew on board as we went
down the outlet & after leaving us, joined us
again on our way back, & this time a second one
came & rode for a long time on my rail in the boat.
The other one rode on my hand for some time & then
on my paddle, opening & closing its wings to balance
itself as the paddle moved back & forth.

Schools of scurrying minnows, & a long thin pickerel,
added to the life & motion of the water.

One day when paddling down the outlet a
Kingfisher flew up stream, & then as we returned
seemed disconcerted - then we were again! - & rattled
& flew as if interrupted. But of all as we went
down a duck came flying head on toward us -
blackish upper with white belly. Finally seeing us it
swerved from its course & flew down on the water,
diving before we came up to it. On the way back up
the Outlet after watching for it some time I discerned it

out in the middle of the stream. Its head looked large & round & ^{was} reddish brown. After moving around nervously on the water as we approached & then rose & flew off through the trees. At first sight it suggested a Red head.

2 girls in a boat making under the trees along shore.
Aug. 23 - The cardinal from abundant bloom is now falling, but a hummingbird buzzed away from the neighborhood of our group. The narrow golden green ribbons are exquisite rising from the bottom straight as ^{tree} trunks - threads of gold.

Mussels on the bank - eaten out - others under the water in reach of longlegged prey.

The water has gone down so much that poling through the dense growth becomes necessary. As Mrs. Norton said it was plowing through the Vallisneria. Hunters come here to the Outlet for duck shooting & all this rich vegetation must supply abundant duck food.

In a shallow place where rocks almost fill the channel a brilliant red goldfinch lit down on a rock & probably had a drink. 2 ^{black} ducks & a broad-winged hawk, a bittern & 2 herons (one species at least) were about all we saw. See *Botaurus lentiginosus*.

Aug 31 A Thrush was bathing as we paddled by.

Fryeburg Harbor

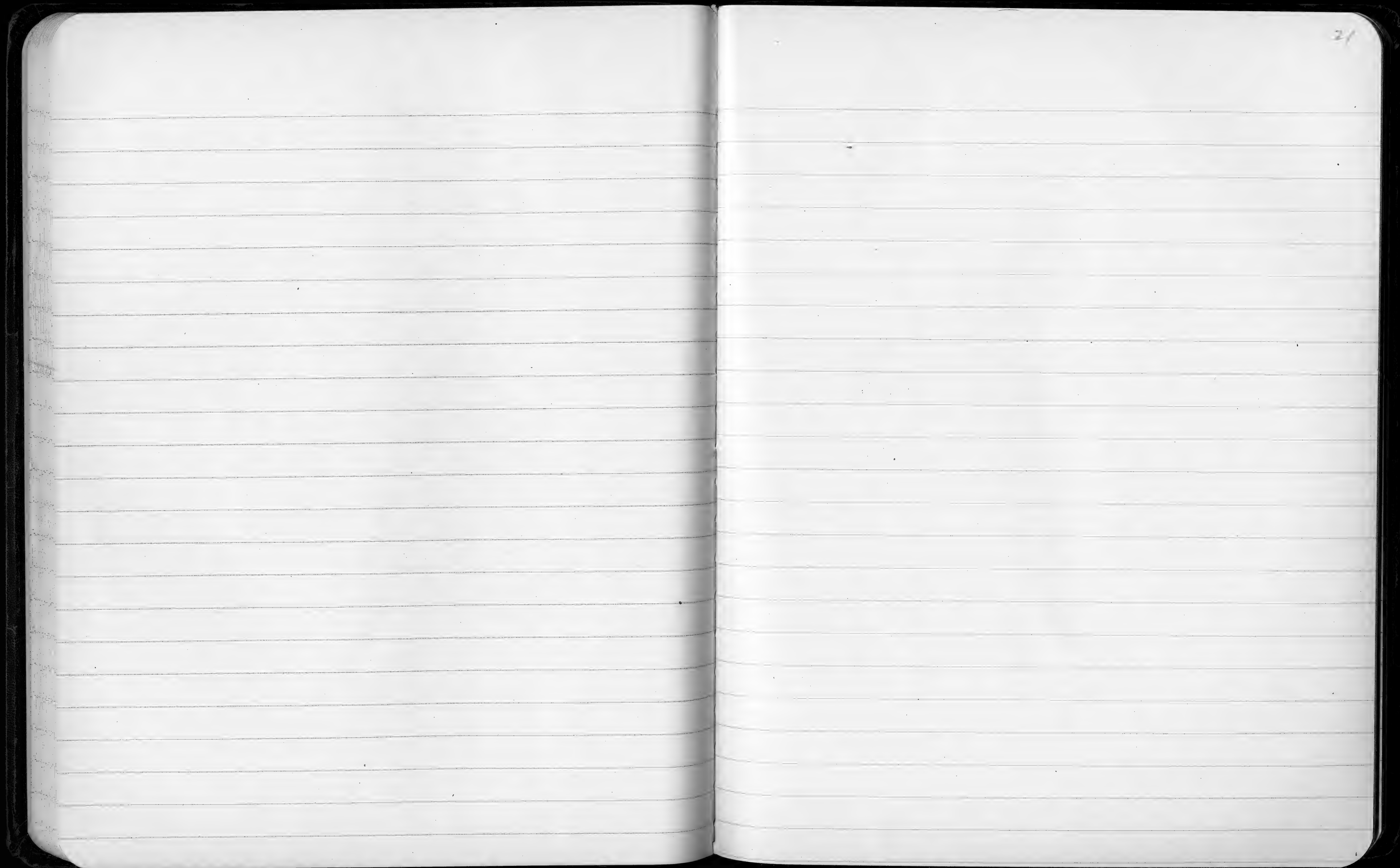
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Just before reaching the Charles we landed & climbed up the bank & walked across to Fryeburg Harbor. Two long bridges over the Charles River here & the fact that log drivers come down these almost-dry washes - in spring gave evidence to the suggestion that in the early days the Harbor may have had significance. Now it is a long street - road - with here & there a large ~~or~~ river maple on the river side & now & then a house on the opposite side - big white New England farm houses with square lintels T T & bars attached - some painted some unpainted. In front of the blacksmith shop stands a huge maple. The young ^{mill}blacksmith crossed his ^{arms} as he stood in the doorway when approached by his mother? - outside the house in the afternoon & told us with pride that the tree was 23 ft. around at its narrowest point - 28 ft. one foot above the ground - that a river driver who was interested in such things thought it was the largest maple in the state.

The Ha'-ba the residents call the Harbor.

Sept. 18. Wading through the cranberry bog is hard work for the marsh grass is thick & brittle and the cranberries are biding in deep sphagnum, but it is now one of the autumn pleasures. It is a broad 'meadow' - acres at each end are mowed & as you walk on the sphagnum you see pitiful looking fettered plants shorn of their beauty by the mowing machine. The cranberry bog lies between the Bullit woods & the farm & ^{its depth} woodland. It is a meadow ⁱⁿ whose high wild grass are patches of royal fern - now golden brown & islets of sweet gale ^{twines} where you try to flush short-billed marsh wrens. Scattered ilex bushes whose berries glow scarlet in the sun & sapling maples getting ready to turn also dot the expanse. The beaded grass now has brown nut heads & yellow stems. Down inside the grass are the beautiful heathery cranberry stems with their hanging glass jewels. From a delicate pink flush the cranberries are now deepening to real cranberry color. Some have been frosted (2 nights about 20°) & are soft to the touch. The berries are sour but you eat them as you do halfripe apples under a tree, with the feeling of the wholesomeness of nature's proffered foods - it is an acid that is tonic to the system.

As you plow along through the heavy bog you look
now into the beautiful berry field at your feet
delighting in the heavily fruited exquisitely tinted
fruit - now off over the golden brown acres to
the dark mountains - Learsarge with its volcanic
outline & up past the roads - the other mountains
that border the lake now. It is well in some
places to watch your steps for a pitetue plant
disrespectfully stepped on may soak your boots
or an ongroun ditet may give you a cold
plunge. Mrs. Starns in a blue dress with a
neighbor out with sails picking cranberries.
Startled - scared most to death when I spoke
her name out of the bog! Gypsy jump up
into the air to get right of me above the high marsh
grass - must defend her family by knowing who
the intruder is.



Campfire on Beach

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2 girls (one who has a school) came up to camp on our beach & make the Kiassaga trip with one party, & the night before they left they invited us all down to a marshmallow toast. The invitation, written with a burnt match on a paper plate was tacked to a log of the cabin for all to see. After supper we ^{paddled} ~~rowed~~ on the lake till time (7.45) & then pulled the canoes up on the beach - beached them. A huge camp fire was on the sand with a picturesque evergreen tip giving the effect of a teepee. Inspection of camp was the first work - a shelter tent, a stone camp fire with Stuart Edward White iron rods laid across for frying pan rests, a bough bed, duffle bags etc. gave a genuine look to camp.

When the fire was lit - it made a splendid mass & while waiting for it - to cool down, rounds were sung. Pointed sticks with marshmallows were stuck in the sand around the blaze, the best effect being a Christmas tree one with a branch holding white cakes on every twig - "lets saving him".

When all was over we got into our boats & paddled home by starlight.

Sept. 4 another campfire given by Miss Mendenhall, etc. corn roast apple toast & marshmallow toast. Sack corn! ^{best in school}

A party of the girls went for a two days trip to North Watford - about 15 miles each way. It began raining the afternoon they left & kept up at intervals till they got back. The trail was obscured by cow paths & lumbering ^{their map was blurred by the rain} & they got off from the trail & missed the farmhouse where they had expected to spend the night. Trying to find themselves, ^{as} their compass would not work, they looked at the lichens on the trees (???) & followed down a stream to one of the Five Negas Ponds. In going around it they got into a floating bog & two of the girls who led suddenly - in the midst of the broken - fell in to water where they could not touch bottom - & had to be pulled out by the arms. Then, as the down timber made it hard to walk around the edge of the pond, they took to the lake itself - wading up to their knees. When it was too ^{to wade} about any longer they went back ^{out of the marsh} up to higher ground & camped for the night. The matches at first would not light, but ^{all} and they had visions of a night in wet clothes on wet cold ground, but - finally, a light was struck & inner bark fed to it till soon a blazing fire was made. Neckties & belts were

transformed into a clothes line & dried their garments close to the fire. They ate some chocolate & as the two leaders spelled each other (1 1/2 hr.) tending fire the rest lay down near the fire & dried one side at a time. The next morn. at 5 one of the girls got up & picked blueberries for breakfast, & discovered an old barn only a short distance from camp. This proved to have a road leading out to the main road which led, in 2-3 miles to the farmhouse where they had meant to stay one night. Here they had cake of many varieties for breakfast & 3 of the party got carried home in a carriage. The other 2 - the leaders - went back to connect the trail, & then walked home.

Aug. 1

The beautiful little Mousses uniflora may still be found coming up out of the moss or pine needles under the pines.

The Oxalibarda repens is another lowly white flower that adorns the woodland trails under the pines.
(Dwarf flower)

The bright red Bunch berries - Cornus canadensis ^{main} brighten the woods in places, rising from their whorl of leaves. And a few deep red partridge berries with dark green vines lighten the ground.

Spiranthes - white flowers on a stalk is deliciously fragrant.

Asplenium ^{psycodes} - pink or sometimes white - densely flowered

Good yera pubescens - rather small plantain - we found a number of the curious ^{make} patterned ^{distinction} leaves in the

Pogonia ophioglossoides - a beautiful delicate pink flower growing in the cranberry bog in July.

Nymphaea odorata - almost all gone Sept 1. They say
no leaves (pods) left in October.

Nuphar advena

Sarracenia purpurea - pitcher plant. Found one with
90 pitchers, all but about 10-15 fresh & green. A bright
green, with only a hint of red remaining.

Drosera filifolia -

A hairy tiny dew all tiny drops of liquid.


Sept. 1 - Found White hazel in bloom in pasture.

Sept. 13 - Find smart fern with little
catkin like knobs along the terminal sprays.

The Ilex 'Christmas berry' bushes are full of fruit
now - a blue ^{Viburnum} also in fruit.

A vivid green grass snake was discovered on the trail between the cabin & tents. It was as vivid as the ^{palette of} marsh grass in the sun in the Outlet. It was fly hunting & would raise itself on what seemed my little coil for a purchase - one kick perhaps - & straighten out ^{back} across a space & dart the tongue out after some insect too small for us to see. When out among the leaves it darkened so that it was perfectly colored to match them. It was dull yellowish below.

After sunset we saw the dark form (silhouette) of a mouse climbing up the slanting tree where the Pilotated holes are, in front of the piazza. Does it use them for resting holes?

Spiders abound here & on some ^{numerous} negs. webs are seen on the ground. One tree (Aug 5) was fairly hung with beautiful discs with geometrical designs.  Sept. 20 Trees fairly festooned with beautiful round webs.

A quill on my table - on a red shawl - one neg. pointed to bustling visitors, & for several nights noises were heard in or around a number of the tents.

Under a gray sky the belt of white water lilies
 look as if laid on glass. Sometimes when the
 wind is right the fragrance reaches us in camp.
 Sometimes the lily tract is vivid green - makes green
 lines - wide belts - on the lake. The food by the
 lake at breakfast time is white spotted with lilies, but
 before noon they close till the next day.

When the wind blows & ruffles the open water the lily
 pad water is smooth except for running lines

Full moon A brilliant sunset on Washington & the range
 with pink clouds reflected in the lake to
 Aug 9 paddle through was followed by a clear pale
 green band over the dark shore timber reflected
 black in the lake. Yellow camp lights came out
 & the whippoorwill called. Then the big ^{round} yellow
 moon rose over the forest & was reflected in the
 lake.

Sometimes at sunset sun balls will lie on the water.

Aug. 20 - The sun sets to the left of Washington now. It did
 not right on W. After a brilliant yellow - the color

changed to red - & then on east the clouds along the horizon turned a blue gray, ^{their spaces} afterwards filled by pink light.

August. In late August there were some wonderful sunsets. One night the sky behind the nets, was aflame - the dark nets stood against it. The night followed.

On August nights when we were on the lake we watched the sun go down behind the nets.

One night I thought it was a signal fire from a fleet.

Clear starlight nights the Dipper pointed the north star up the lake. Scorpio's whole long length was in the S.E. sky, the square of Pegasus over the camp woods, Vega overhead.

Sept. 1 - After dull gray days it ^{was} cleared. The sky is blue & the sun shines warm. How good it is! Coming across the lake at noon the lake was full of big white cumulus clouds that encompassed the boat - it was like the days on the ^{plains} Texas when the clouds went with us.

Sept. 1 The water levels are nearly gone now.

Sept. 6. After heavy rain the mountains are coming into view again - the opposite shore line, green tree hills with ^{or shallow} sun on, & behind the line of the green ridge outlined against snow white rising mist - rising up against dark blue — mt. mass lost in clouds. Patches of blue sky opening & shutting - but lighted as clouds thin. White mist reflected in the lake above the dark mt. outline reflection.

Sept. 10 - The Nortons after service told me for a farewell paddle up Nor'west Con & Ducke Brook. After a long gray period the sky was blue & ⁱⁿ the boat went through reflected clouds - the brook was full of the white puffs - beautiful cumulus clouds. Rich red maples now reflected & one short bank thick with ^{deeper} ripening cranberries made a reflection of a long sod. The brook wound about bordered by fine long ^{marsh} grass with slender ^{shining} ^{white} tips, sweet fern & fragrant ^{ripening} fern. At one bend a boat was lying in shadow inside the trees we could just make out a small tent. Hunters, probably. We huddled for the lion outside but could

but envy the party in their quiet rest. A tent or
a boat - 2 people - what more?

From a root on the edge of the water we scanned up
a solitary sandpiper, & further on another, &
various small cheeps pointed to swamp
sparrows & other birds we could not see.

We rounded bend after bend till we had to
pole or could go no further when Bald Face
looked up ahead. The hood is full of
curious vegetation but not as rich as the Outlet.

Sept. 13 - Washington was sprinkled with snow
in the neg. White caps on lake. Cold north wind.

14th ^{1 pulchra early} Snow banks seen that melted away during the day.

Quiet day so far, except for squalls. See on
water in camp in morning. Mts. turning
red - by the glass - also yellowing beeches.
Went up Rattlesnake & found maples turning
pink in green - also red branches.

Kearsarge is called the ^{Weather} Prophet of the Lake. If its peak is cloud capped it will rain.

Sept. 22 - Beautiful northern lights - ^{yellow} light
like arctic pictures - ||| reflected in the lake

Back of the lake are alder swamps left dry by a succession of dry seasons, but usually flooded from the lake. The low stocky spreading (prospiring) alders give the character to the swamps. ^{They} grow in clusters sometimes spaced with rocks or ferns so that you have a passage way; at others making a network so it is hard to get through. Cow trails help, but few. In the hollows which are probably filled with water in normal years ferns find rich damp earth, & regularly take advantage of it.

Flocks of chickadees or warblers find a rich supply of insects here & it would be a delightful place to study them - from some mossy stem or fork of a tree - but for the pest of mosquitoes that are quick to discern you & tormentingly persistent in taking advantage of the unexpected feast.

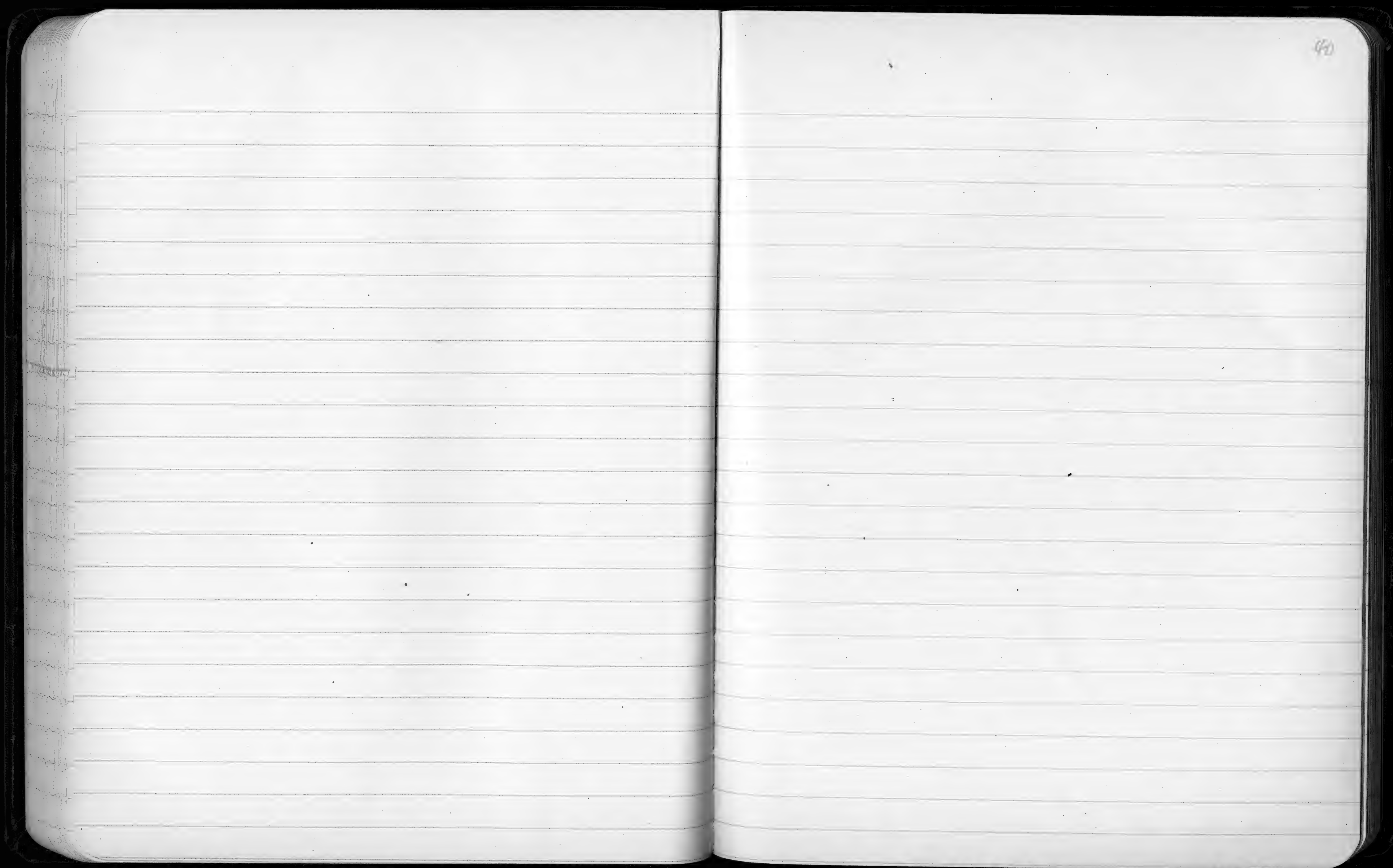
The chickadees pervade the place, apparently holding the flocks by their calls. Perhaps the note is one of such security - chick-a-dee-dee - such home comfort that no one can be afraid. As you look up there is a chickadee hanging from a folded leaf busily extracting its possessor; there is another prying along the curl of a birch trunk (where the bark has curled back); & still another hangs from the tip of a twig at work.

Redstarts give a flash of orange as they drop down through the bushes in pursuit of an insect.

The place is full of the small insistent notes of fledglings & the hurrying of hard worked parents, ^{flashing} redstarts, systematic ^{black} & white creepers followed around by dingy fuzzy youngsters, vireos, flycatchers,


Canadians & bob-tailed young birds, yellow below.

A strong animal smell & a smoothed tan trunk
 stir inquisitiveness. But - switch with a brake
 as you may, mosquitoes slide you & stick needles
 in face, hands, arms, & the back of your neck (you
 have to sit on your feet) till you are frantic with
 the irritation & leave in desperation.



Hemlock Swamp

Aug. 4 - Mrs. Norton & I spent the day wandering around a hemlock swamp back of the lake, which the dry weather has relieved of its only objectionable feature - water. Most of the hemlocks were young, growing under pine trees, but some of them were large & made almost a thicket.* Brakes, long ^{cinnamom} Osmunda fronds and shield fern[?] gave added richness, but the ground cover of moss was the most swampy feature of the place. Spongy sphagnum that you sank deep into, pigeon wheat & other deep mosses. The roots of the trees, ^{rising the ground} were outlined by green. (!? do the roots stand higher in the swamp for breathing purposes?) The floor was carpeted with it - varying shades & forms kept us exclaiming with eyes on the ground. High stalks of the broad-leaved Xeranthrum spoke of spring richness. Gold thread, with shiny 3-parted strawberry-like leaf slender stem & roset of gold thread (orange color) came up through the moss cushions. Clusters of Indian pipes with

* Among the hemlocks were ^{all} yellow birches - showing curling bark only on their branches. Two grew on rocks, one sitting like a fat seal  on the rock - sunning.

Hemlock Swamp

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red heads raised tempted to investigation opened
a beautiful watermelon pink inside. Great vigorous
arbutus leaves on the low knolls between mossy
places told of fragrant ^{spring} - blossoms. Ground pine -
Common club moss S. clavatum, trailed along on the ground
or swamp ^{S. lucidulum} stood up, miniature forest trees.
On boulders (left by the glaciers?) were fern gardens
the little dark green Polypodium. Mushrooms or
orange fungus shelves on the side of a tree trunk gave
keen color in the dark swamp. And in the dryer places
the bright red bunch berries - Cornus canadensis.

A strong animal smell made us examine the smooth
or scratched bark of a slanting tree trunk & nearby
a little heap of tiny bones were interpreted by
sign. Pileated holes in an old hemlock also told
of life. But I could not hoot up the Barred Owl
I had hoped to find - perhaps its first morning
nap is too sound. Or - perhaps if its ears were
awake, our steps or low voices would put it on guard.
A few woodpeckers, black & white creepers, & vireos
were about all.

+ in one place we found the exquisite little snow-
berry vine with one snowy berry left.

Aug. 7 In a mixed partly cleared hemlock, tamarack, balsam, & deciduous swamp we found dark blue berries of *Clintonia umbellata*, bushes of mt. holly, with bluish green leaves & pinkish red berries (brighter in the sun). Patents of vivid red ^{sunlit} bunch berries, the snow berry vine with its tiny close set leaves & pearly berries clinging to - climbing over - roots, & young mt. ashes, good to see again. We waded waist deep among the fronds of cinnamon fern & sank ankle deep in sphagnum. An animal that darted > like a rabbit fled from a brush heap that afforded good cover. A Canadian warbler, seemed much at home & a pair of white-throats fussed suggestively.

The filmy tamaracks are interesting in their individuality. The white throat sang. Robble Bush sprawled on the ground.

Aug. 8 - This morn. Mrs. Norton & I crossed the field at the foot of the lake where I found pileus plants before the mowing was done, & went on to the trees bordering the Outlet. Royal fern - the wide spreading luxuriant looking *Osmunda* grows there in acres, as Mrs. N. said. I never dreamed of such fern growth. We waded through it above our waists - sometimes above our shoulders. An old dike road was filled with it, & a path under the high slender water maples was carpeted with it, & some *Oxalis sensibilis*.

Sweet gale, a bush allied to the bayberry, mt. holly, a *Viburnum* in berry & many other shrubs were there between the trees.

Birds were very few but the red-eyed vireo & wood pewee sang, & Maryland yellow throats called - we saw an ad. ♂. Orchard warbler was singing & the chatter of swallows. A chestnut sided warbler was ^{a very heard} seen. Song sparrows were abundant & we scared up a swamp sp. A tiny yellowish tree toad made us stop. On a bank we saw what looked like an eon track - a hand. And close by the water was what looked like a deer bed but may have been a horse bed, as we saw a horse & one in the soft earth.

On the way back we tried to cut across through the ^{swamp} ~~marsh~~ grass & bushes but we had to wade up to our waists in the dense green mass & it was such hard work we returned to the old road. On our way out - through the cranberry bog we flushed 2 short-billed marsh wrens.

Aug. 9 - In the dryer part near the woods where there is less sphagnum or cranberry, in the grass we found quantities of pitcher plants. Turning around where I stood, at a glance I counted 23 heads (seed pods, petals having fallen) standing up to the level of the grass tops. One plant had 42 pitchers - some brown & dry but most of them in water holding order & beautiful with their red veining. Is that the device for attracting insects? Draw your finger backwards up the throat of the pitcher & see the fate of the insect that is caught. Alas! the cruelty of nature! Die, that I may live!

Looking out on this field from another point - up the woods, we saw a collection of silky white grass (?) tops - 'cotton tops' beautiful on the level of the grass. Mixed with them were a few pink Habermarias, though they are mostly out of bloom.

Later I found to my amazement a pitcher plant with one stock & one root that came up easily in my hand 90 pitchers. About 10-15 of them were brown but about 75 were bright green strong handsome virile pitchers! The leaf at the back acts like a flying buttress to brace the pitcher when heavy with water.

Aug. 31. We found most of the flower stalks fallen from - & the pitchers hidden down in the high fern & grass. In one place they were so abundant we could hardly step without hearing the horrid ^{crunch} & perhaps feeling a spurt of water from a ^{downy} pitcher. The color of some of them was a keen pleasure. They were red - some small ones entirely red - others thickly rimmed & mottled with dark red.

The fall colors in the swamp - cranberry bog - sphagnum field - are . . . In places we waded through royal fern & looking across it was a lovely ^{moor} golden brown - blue hills in background as Miss Blue pointed out.

The St. Johnswort stalks $\frac{1}{2}$ in the grass give bright color - from pink, to plum blossom.

The golden brown of the royal fern fields, the brown
sage heads - some golden brown - & yellow brown of
petate plant tops make a harmonious autumn
picture.

The cranberries are ripening in the bog - getting
like red-checked snow apples.

Sept. 10 - After a period of rain & gray weather a
heavy fog lightened to blue sky & we had a perfect day.
The marsh at the foot of the lake was a picture.
From its border looking up the lake, the ^{thin scattered} yellow marsh
grass was set ^{off} by blue sky & water reflecting the ^{lonely} sky.
Tongues of dark Pontederia emphasized the delicacy
of the light colors. Looking across the marsh the
loveliest autumnal feeling - streaks & patches
from sunny yellow through orange & brown. Up the
lake the foothills were ^{marked} with sunshine &
shadow - long streaks of afternoon light slanting
across while the bulks were shaded. The mountains
in soft tones had shadow purple hues - to the east -
balls & structures of cloud in the soft blue
completed the picture.

Golden browns of royal fern full of sun & autumn.

Aug. 9. In going along the edge of the woods we saw clematis draping the trees - one cluster of flowers covered with a brown butterfly.

Inside a dry patch of woods & also under pines along the road we saw masses of the curious interrupted fern - the green of the frond being interrupted by the brown fruit.

We found the fruiting & a few boxes of a hawk & soon came to a farm house. Blueberries growing in massive clusters deliciously sweet showed the luxuriance of the crop or lack of children in the farm house. The farmer was walking away across his acres & a white-haired woman came out to pump water as we climbed the fence & went off.

In dry pine woods we found the big orbicular glossy & somewhat waxy leaves of *Habenaria orbiculata*.

A pine standing out in the front rank of trees in afternoon has dark depths, & sun-traced tips.

green hanging
The cones are in pairs now.

Aug. 22. The hobble bush fairly brightens the woods in places now. The berries are a bright red. Some

leaves are turned to a dull autumnal color & these bushes have duller berries - yellowish.

Aug. 25 - The hazel is in fruit now. Its cone is fringed & sticky - gummy, perhaps viscous to keep the nut warm as it has no hard outer shell. The pretty cones are saffron or pinkish.

A patch of ground juniper has the blue bloom & when the low branches are raised blue berries come to light (thick)

Sept. 9 - For some time the pine bracts have been falling - brown cases that unfold the needles at the base. My platform has been strewn with them mornings.

Sept. 19 - The trees are turning so fast now we sit on the piazza of the cabin with field glasses on the hills & the foothills. The mt. sides which with the naked eye are glowing, with the glass are seen to have burst into flame. The lake border is just in transition each morning there are more tongues of flame between the pines, while the beauty of the reflected red trees increases.

Hophornbeam - Out on a pasture hillside (Hale's Orlight) was a tree that looked as if hung with hophornbeam.

Sept. 1 - Wild cherry trees are red or black with cherries now.

There are two hazel bushes here, one with a fluted finger-like edge & one with a beak. The finger takes lovely soft saffron pink.

Some sugar maples are red in the woods - occasional leaves on the road - small bushes are vivid.

The fall grasses - sedges? - are brown or of varied forms.

The mushrooms - toadstools - are soft purples, yellows, reds, or vivid white - beautiful. Miss Small makes a moss garden on the stone mantle with vari-colored toad stool - a beautiful bouquet.

Acer dasycarpum

River maple at Fryburg Harbor 23 ft in diam. at narrowest ^{butt} part, 28 ft above the ground. 8 large trunks after the fork.

Sugar maples are scattered through the woods & give red touches in September.

Hazel - the fingered kind. Sept. 12 - The leaves are a

soft saffron tones. get warmer as the ^{fungus (?)} nut cases ^{turn back} open & show the nuts inside - as if offering - take & disseminate. Little catkins are on the bushes at the same time with the nuts.

Apple trees are beautiful against the sky now - against a gray sky the bright apples.

Maples are coloring beautifully now - here & there isolated trees or branches - a dark red branch or a tongue of flame in a wall of ^{dark} timber.

Sept. 13 - ^{the} The pines are shedding their needles now - ^{all needles} are yellowish. This follows closely on the falling of the bracts or may be simultaneous, the I have not noticed it so much before.

Sept. White hazel bushes are in yellow flower.

Rosy apples against blue sky.

Blushing maple (pink in green) on old stone wall - white birches down the line.

Ball Game

Aug. 9 - Notice of a Baseball Game was posted on the door of the log cabin for some time, aspirants being asked to sign their names, & between times the camp was interviewed individually & urged to take part, no matter how much or little they knew of the game.


Before the appointed hour girls were hurrying around among the tents getting red or blue ribbons tied on their arms.

The athletic field is the nearest open space, ^{reached} by a walk through the woods - the barn yard of the farmer who supplies camp with milk etc. & whom wife does the camp laundry.

The Blues arrived first & stood around waiting for the Reds. Finally a procession emerged from the woods led by a tall young woman (Miss Madina, Prin. of a Girls' School) wearing a ^{2nd} paper breastplate & carrying a pole topped with ferns & bearing a red bandana. With her head up the leader of the procession advanced with martial air, ^{as they all march} singing the Marseillaise - "on to victory."

Mr. Norton & John - camp Supt. & Camp Boy were Captains of the 2 sides, & when the players

men assigned the teams presented a motley appearance. Some men in the camp uniform - middie blouse & bloomers, with blue or red collars, one was in a cotton-gingham dress tucked up short - & one ^{was} had an elaborate fitted bathing suit! Some had a red or blue ribbon on the hair, & one a blue trimmed hat, & another a red bandana on the arm.

Ignorance of the game, especially in the finer points, was the most noticeable feature, but some of the girls showed an astonishing acquaintance with the game, & an expert play. A young sculptor from Providence batted like a boy, & sent the  running for bases as the ball flew across the field; William artist from Cincinnati acted as coach at the bases. In fact several experienced players had to be called to the bat from a base where they were coaching.

As one was lacking to the complete teams, a young farm boy was asked to umpire. He demurred fearing there might be quarreling over his decisions, but finally acquiesced.

The audience sat on the stones at the foot of the

barn & the four year old in blue was drawn into
 their company this he was so anxious to watch
 the game it was hard to get him from behind
 the batter. The farmer's wife & the dog stood
 in the barn door as audience part of the time,
 & before the game was over - to the consternation
 of one of the team chasing a flying ball - the
 cows wandered in along the edge of the diamond
 coming to milking.

When it was all over & the Blues had won,
 20 to 18, the victors after cheering themselves
 cheered their opponents; which would ^{perhaps} have been
 a surprise to the umpire if he had not gone
 off with a friend before the end of the game
 casually turning to call on his shoulder as
 he left the field, that he had to go.

One of the small farm boys ran for a lady who
 could not run, & so cheerfully trotted off to the
 spring for water when he wanted to watch the
 game.

Beforehand one of the girls described a base as
 "a cushion you carry around with you!" & "strikes"
 & "runs" & "outs" had to be elaborately explained
 by the initiated.

Sept. 4, Miss Blin told Miss Julia Madeira, Clara Burman & me on a 65⁹/₁₀ auto ride from the Harman farm to Naples & back.

We went to Lovell, down to Black Mt. School & south to the Brighton road at the foot of Pleasant Mt. Then across the Moose Pond bridge, past Beaver Pond, & Highland Lake to Long Lake, through Harrison & Naples; back by West Brighton, Saco River, Fryeburg Harbor & Skowhegan ^{upland} ~~proceeded~~ to their shores.

It was a day of beautiful dark blue lakes, with wooded islets, of roads through forest ^{upland} ~~ridges~~ (blue sky through interarched pines) through New England villages through farm land with tumbled cornfields, & open stretches with wide mountain views. From the top of a ridge we looked across on the eastern range which is our camp boundary & saw Washington's great bulk & height, ^{but then} mountains rising beyond. There are no snow clad peaks, no striking forms, but a great mass of blue mountains with light & shadows & color enough to make beautiful pictures.

In coming back, near Fryeburg Harbor (the Ah-bah, the country people say) we had a more intimate view of Kearsarge across flat West Brighton which made it seem more companionable - as if we could step

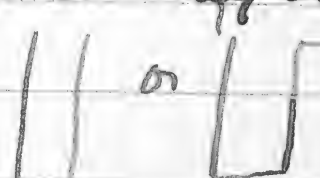

across to it & met the Nortons who were coming across from Intervale.

Even in this Southern end of Maine the country is made up of forests, lakes, & mountains. The farm land is only in patches. The question is how, with such small farms the people can have such prosperous looking homes. Is it what is called the New England way of keeping up a good appearance? There is no intension in farming. The pastures are delectable smooth firm fields, the orchards old grassy fields with unkept trees. Corn is the principal crop & only one outside silo was seen. There are some inside the barns. Corn factories - canning factories take a great deal of the crop. We met wagon loads of corn on the way to the factories. They run only 2-3 weeks in the year & the farmers families go to do the work.

The road was being built up in one place - made into a broad automobile highway - and the farmers were doing the work, not in the old automobile way but according to regulations, $\frac{1}{2}$ the money being given by the state. The faces of the men were good to see, manly, straight forward, self-respecting for the most part. They watched the houses,

Auto to Naples

56

The type of house seems to be a 2-3 story white straight front with dignified front doorway - sometimes with fair decoration on the door, the house leading back by corner porches to the barn which may be in the same line or jogged to one side  or  but almost always connected, & painted white or left unpainted. Winter comfort vs. insurance premiums. When the whole structural unit is white, the effect is warmer. But a white house attached to an unpainted barn jars on the sensibilities. The yards are scrupulously neat & the houses dignified - & reserved. Piazas, flower, open windows - any sign of outside life is rare enough to elicit remark.

One good natured farmer chauffeur lived in a large 3 story white house at the 'Harbor'. He had only had his machine this summer & said that there were not many farmers who had them, reluctantly that they did not seem to get ahead much. He had been an ice man at Intervale 20 yrs. ago. now in lumbering near home in the winter & now between getting in hay & corn crops takes summer people out in his machine at 15¢ a mile. He owns a good deal of land around the lake. Bought Creeper for

about \$300 & sold it for \$1500 (for the timber).
 Used to own Buck Id. & sell hunting privileges. He wore
 home knitted woolen socks & took us home to get
 apples (under his trees) for us, & let us see his children.
 "Children are the making of home," he said feelingly.
 His eyes filled with mild astonishment at Cal. snake
 stories. He knew a man who killed a dog moon
 but would not tell who it was. He announced
 firmly - got a man into trouble - bad trouble - he
 would not do that.

To get a fox, he said, you had only to make a noise
 like a mouse & the fox would come close. If he
 was moving, he would not see you.

His dialect was delicious but I couldn't get it.
 Brighton is a large town with woolen ^{factory} & pig skin
 tannery & Naples has a large hotel & boat landing
 for steamboat going down to Sebago Lake. It
 seemed strange to see summer people - ^{men} women in
 white, with white shoes, & others in tight narrow skirts
 of the summer fashion. 2 boys in soldier costume
 with ^{short} revolvers in belts looked odd in this peaceful
 farming community.
 Big elms along the village streets.

Mr. Clark, Mildred, Grace, and I went by auto (with Edward J. Starnes) down to Fryeburg Harbor then up the Cold River Valley through Stowe up across into New Hampshire & past Chaudlers & Bald Face Inn, almost to the end of the road.

In the Cold River Valley the trees had turned so that they were exciting - in me exclaiming all the way. To a northerner who has had no northern coloring for long years it was an intense satisfaction. It revived memories of joys long past. Mellow sugar maples that might have been in New York state, and flaming red maples of every shade rejoiced the heart. Then to find them in contrast with some beauty swamps of ^{little} spirid evergreens. The road went along the ridge overlooking the beautiful C. R. valley & then up under the ^{Self, Bald Face, Rogers, & Spruce} hills. We passed the house where the girls stayed one night when they climbed Bald Face. But the best of all was the old amphitheater of Bald Face between the two peaks - north & south - with its patches of black timber & what seemed to be moraines at its foot. On the way home the peaks of Bald Face & ^{with} ~~Kings~~ ^{the} ~~range~~ ^{range} were illuminated with a lovely rose glow that ^{lifted them along the valley, transfigured them} ~~was~~ ^{the} sky flamed up sublimely behind the range.

Sept. 9. Mr. Stearns of the adjoining farm told me that deer had frequently been seen in their meadow in former years, & told me of one doe & one fawn & another with two fawns being seen ^{late} this summer, the one with 2 fawns being seen again on Fairview farm this week.

A man on the other side of Creper Saw not long ago either a very large deer or a moose. He thought it was too large ^{so dark} for a deer.

A moose was seen a few years ago by the Camp R.R. letter box - just below the Harman's.

Tox are said to be quite common here. To catch them you go out & make a noise like a mouse, one of the Seavoy's says.

A small porcupine quill was left on a red shawl on my table one night.

Small animals were often heard around camp in the night & once one of the women had a cat

from a skunk - wood pussy - sacket kitten,
they call them. She saw it with her electric
lantern - 'bug light'.

2 gray squirrels, we have seen - One on the bank
of the Outlet, & one on Ladies Delight Hill carrying
a nutcracker.

A few young red squirrels have been seen & hazel
nut shells & gnawed woodpeckers found.

Chipmunks are all about camp & climb the
trees between the tents. They are very tame & often
come to the hand for chocolate - their favorite food.
Some of the young ones come into the cabin &
on the piazza when we are at meals there.
They fill their pouches with graham crackers &
chocolate till it seems as if the skin would burst,
& then run off to their holes. Before a storm
they worked fast & furiously, storing dry leaves
& food. One of the women said they were cutting
off acorns near her tent & then carrying them
to their holes.

Sept. 19

Walking down the woods road to the lake & sitting down to watch ducks I scared a chipmunk into terrified shrieks, for I had sat myself down close to its hole! It screamed until breathless you might think & then from a hole at the root of a white ^{birch} stump made it made half frightened half inquisition starts & dashes at me. It was busy storing apples, then ~~then~~ after standing up on its hind legs to look at me.

Going out with a lantern one night Mildred heard a noise & saw a porcupine coming down the path toward her. It stood sideways & looked at her & then went off to the woods.

From the valley we could see the flow of blueberries on the rocky slopes of Bald Face. Unusually large ones grow there & the people of the country go in parties to pick them.

At the Ledges where ^{N.Y.} a Dean of a theological school spends his summers with his sister there are an attractive bungalow or cottages, or a 'Salem Tower' ^{where they now sleep} as they call it. The tower is 3 storied. On the first there is a shower bath & lockers & on the 2^d & 3^d ^{with a shower & a bed} a bedroom each, with window spaces on each of the four tower sides perhaps 10 x 5 ft., but no glass, closed only by solid wooden blinds that slide across. The views of the valley with its colored trees on one side & of the mountains on the other are worth the tower. It looks right up ^{the} Bald Face amphitheater. The ledges are granite over which Cold River falls in cascades.

On the road to the valley we went on the Crepper road & past the Kimballs.

Sept. 18 - The alders are falling & come down on the wharf with a whack that is ^{startling} astonishing.

Sept. 19 - The trees are joyous now. There is a mellow yellow light in the woods.

The pine needles are falling, patterning the ground as the clusters grow ^{more} open. In places the floor is carpeted ^{with} ~~them~~ ^{them}. The old needles yellow before they fall so there is autumn foliage in the pines as well.

Brown beech leaves lie on my doorstep in the morning & yellow leaves fall at your feet as you walk through the woods.

In a grove of young white pines on Shaw Hill a red pine stands apart with an air of distinction from its long needles, & the reddish brown of its old needles compared with the ^{rich} yellow of the old ones of the white pine.

When I retired again, it returned with a distinction
Oh! wheedle you wheedle you - Oh - I fooled you, fooled you!

A speckled Thrush was the 2^d chapter. Meeting 2
parents just beyond the gate - full of their secret was 1st.

Did not see the wood pussy visitor & the tents below.
Then came his testimony.

I did not see the large visitor who left a ^{sharp backed} quill
on my table - on a red shawl - in the night. Foot falls
heard at diff't tents - a jump from my platform
heard by my next neighbor.

See Savia unum.

hunting blueberries.

The stirring rattle of the kingfisher resounds as he passes down the shore.

There is an Empidonax flycatching! But if his lips must be sealed, his name must be unmet down for, who would identify an Emp. with a glass!

Of all the voices that come to my tent who can say which is best? The homely caw of the crow ^{down the lake}, the stirring kee-you of the big red-shoulder ^{up on the hill}, the clarion bough of Myiarchus ^{from the woods}, the dreamy whistle of the wood pewee, + the sweet realistic tooris call of the goldfinch, the bark of the barred owl disturbed from his nap deep in the wood, the liquid call of the sandpiper from the beach, the ^{whispering} lonely cry of the loon from the lake?

Or are there but whose voices come in the length of sunset - ^{across the lake} the soul-stirring song of the hermit thrush, ^{the colors flash behind the nets. the sun is slipping} from out the heart of the forest?

Quakes were heard in the night (Aug 7)

Aug. 11 - I opened the flap of my tent & pushed out cauteriously to see the hawk that was calling. Had it come to the tent chasing to hunt for our chipmunks? The call stopped & up in a pine top the Bluejay white flashed off to the wood.


+ compacted of all the mystic secrets of woodland sunshin & green shade

the waxwings and yellow birds will build their late nests. For while most birds thoughts are now on the larder, there so late are now on love — what a beauty of a fold — a yellow yellow gold finch I saw down on the beach with his dull colored mate!

A whizz, a buzz — there is a tiny hummer seating ^{himself} on a twig almost on the peak of the tent.

Another whizz — she is gone!

One of the most familiar of all my little visitors — & she visits all the camp — is the pretty black & white Creeper & her young — first fuzzy ^{dingy} little tots who could do little but open their bills. now active little fellows with white lines on the head & clear white feathers on the back.

Twice when I was at home I saw a shadow on the tent — at the overlapping of the canvas  which makes a good hiding place for insects — & heard the rattling of little feet on the ^{perforated} (?) cloth — & saw the busy little body hunt out some ^{hidden} morsel. Meanwhile little gliding sat by & called in its own little nuttallie clicking tones. Mother Minutella then ran on my doorstep — I stood close by — & flew up on the side of the tree trunk at hand's reach — fearless preoccupied little mother.

Crows caw as if stirring up a band to start for the afternoon journey to the roost.

A song sparrow with cheerful chirp comes

Occasionally I look up to see an oroumbid in the casual manner of oroumbids walking down a branch examining its neck to take note of you by the way, keeping silent as secretively as if it had no reason for keeping silent - as if it had no babes in the wood.

I had a surprise one of the first mornings I came. Walking on the pine needles in front of my tent as complacently as any dry land bird came a water thrush, tipping its tail up & down as if walking along a black earthed mountain brook.

Two flickers - probably parent & child - whistled in & out of the tree tops excitedly for some days the middle of July.

Sometimes a downy woodpecker with calls near the door & - there he is, fluffy black & white ball on the side of a tree trunk.

Phoebe seen about the last of July - having left the nest in the cabin at the other end of camp.

Occasionally a hermit thrush comes in to sight - perhaps one of the pair whose one remaining nestling they are guarding so zealously out in the pines beyond camp.

The loud calls of young hawks led to investigation & the discovery of a nest in a tree top on the hill back of camp. Red blufey calls were followed by the discovery of a family of the handsome blue & white birds.

Beady notes in the tree tops ^{& sweet-lipping goldfinch calls} make you wonder where

Titmouse can sound quick warning. But I like but
to think - or I suspect it is the truth - they like to
go about with merry Penthestes.

In any case, when you hear his call - if warblers are
your quest - drop your work or play or look. - And
look hard. Watch for each flutter in the treetop,
each flash of color in the air. Listen for each small
note. The rattling clicking seems to be the young
black & white creepers.

A young blackburnian found the little hemlock
in front of the tent & crept on its branches as if very
much at home, while a Parula was busily going
about - now on the ground, now on a stump, now
on the side of a brake.

(See *Haliaeetus leuccephalus*) just below camp -
would have been in sight from tent.

(Aug 22) Saw a shadow on the water & heard the
clap of my platform - rattle & dash - a Kingfisher!

The loud trill of the pine warbler on the tent in mid
July soon stops. ^{4.30 am.} The song (in water through S.W.)
ceases after a while.

The grosbeak 22k - a family of young (see notes)

See *Savia minor*.

Was it a screech owl in the night? Sleep ^(dulled) ~~obliterated~~
the record.

Mistletoe on side of the trunk.

heard no more, for August has come.

The mother finds the blueberry patch very convenient. Must be a relief it must be for a hard driven parent to find berries - something that can't fly away from you! Once the mother made a pretty picture feeding one of her ^{among the berries} little ones - sitting on a slender arch - ? brake stem? - leaning toward it as it leaned toward her with fluttering wings. Several times (Aug 4) I saw her put a whole blueberry into the bill of the youngster.

When families are not entertaining me flocks of warblers, apparently kept together by chickadees come trooping out from the woods. And how they fill the trees & keep your attention keyed up, to soon determine what they all are!

Why should they go banded with the chickadees? Perhaps they know that where Chickadee calls, there will be a feast. Perhaps the ringing phoe-be or the ^{unmistakable} cherry chick-a-dee-dee are easier to follow than any of their own small notes. Perhaps - who knows? - they like the company of the jolly little Titmouse with his cherry heartening call. Who doesn't? A feeling of security may come with such good cheer too. A very misanthrope it would be, or a terrorist, who could have gloomy feelings or forebodings with such notes ringing in his ear! And when danger does threaten, the brain

to be nesting time with these lark birds.

Families already out of the nest come by as they wander up the lake front. Kingbirds who seem to attend to duty & pleasure with harsh voices that bely them are brought by young whose add insistent iteration to the harsh tones of the family to offend the ears & disturb the quiet of the peaceful lake front. Up the shore the ^{for the protection of all ground families} robins were seen driving crows back into the woods.

In grateful contrast to the harsh notes of the kingbirds are the soft calls of a family of scarlet tanagers that wander up & down the shore line trees. The call of the green clad young is a soft ^(swee - ee) see - wee or see - ee - wee, as gentle & restful as the lapping of the quiet lake water on the beach. Father, mother, & young go about together, day after day. After watching the leaf colored ^{mother} family & her brood it gives you a start to look up & see the father of the family in scarlet uniform. He seems out of place. But perhaps he is doing a soldier's duty, standing on guard, drawing fire, while his family hide under green coats. His loud chip - cheer sounds through the woods when he sees danger. I have seen him fly down among the blueberry bushes, but he seems to perch & look mainly in public. Buff patches are invading the scarlet of his uniform so perhaps he feels a little of the security of his winter costume. Soon after I got him one of the girls of camp asked excitedly "Did you see the tanagers right down in front of your tent? How was a beauty!" The song of the male given in sketches at first (July 15+) is

Animals - 59, 61

Bald Face - 5 fork in ants 58, 63.

Ball Game 52

Camp Fire 24
" ² Wanna 3-
Flours 27.

Cherry Bag 19
Fries 10

Flowers 27.

Fryeburg Harbor 18

Lake + Mts. 30

Montreal 2

Naples

North Watford 25

Outlet. 12-

Squads 29

Swamps { Alder 36
 { Nunlock 41-
 { Outlet 44-

Trees - 50, 65

Washington to Howard 1.

Woods 48

make a head with across the lake.

camp decided.
The hatching of swallows that hunt for insects flying
back & forth on the water line; that ~~that~~ where green pools

give a pleasant feeling? ^{much} pleasant.
 Mostly
 the day the birds may have just perceived, for my last
 is the last down the line and made a lake there left the

I have small birds ^{in the short} among the trees to the left of my note
 pen only a feeling of human companionship. A driving
 west, run through the fringe of trees up the lake also

of through a note to the lake and across to the timberland
of the background, & ^{in the} ~~the~~ foreground of the large or dark blue ridges
of the Great Mts. & the clouds that pile up above them.

affords such a bit of woodland attract many birds.
from my doorway I look out under the low arching branches

^{and water} These bathos may be had in shallow water and narrow
gullies ^{practically} covers in between the lines & quickly dry over.

make with olive strong enough to hold a bird, &
submerge to prevent food; all in the way of a take

A swimming bit of second growth ^{with} ^{spotted bark} ^{when looking from the stream} the ^{white} ^{under bark} ^{with a floor con of} ^{under bark} ^{with a floor con of}

from My Dear Drury in the Maine Woods

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